

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

ONLY A STRAW IN THE PATHWAY OF THE AVALANCHE.

Loss of the Joe Haines Party—Twenty-three Men, Ninety Horses and Mules, With \$30,000 Worth of Goods, Wiped Out on the New Route Over the Mountains.

The route was from Marysville along the right bank of the Yuba river, over the Sierra Nevada mountains and down to Washoe City and Gold Hill, a haul of nearly 200 miles. Except in the dead of winter there were always freighters going and coming. There had been talk of a cutoff route over the mountains—a route which would save many miles of heavy hauling and of unloading and reloading the great wagons—but the freighters still stuck to the old trail. Every mile of it was rough and rugged, and many miles of it dangerous to man and horse as well as vehicle, but there might be more danger in the new route.

In the spring of 1893 word was sent out that Captain Joe Haines was leading his 14 wagons for the Gold Hill country and would be the first to try the cutoff. Some men sagely shook their heads and recalled the stories of emigrants lost in the grim Sierras; others applauded the captain's nerve and wished him good luck. Six heavy horses or mules to a wagon, 14 drivers, two horses, two cooks, five men giving their services free to get out to the Nevada mines. Twenty-three men and 90 head of live stock, and the value of the goods in the wagons was \$30,000.

One spring day the caravan took the road. Word came back from it almost every day until it left the trail leading up to the pass through which the railroad track afterward found its way. At a certain point 18 miles short of the bend in the trail the caravan turned sharp to the east to try the cutoff route. A trapper saw the wagons among the foothills, and Indian hunters saw them two days later. After that no man saw them and lived to tell of it. Days and weeks passed by, and the weeks had run into months before it came to be generally believed that the Haines outfit had met with some disaster. That never a man had returned to Marysville and never a man had reached the eastern slope meant more than disaster. It meant a terrible tragedy.

One searching party followed the wagons into the foothills and lost all trace of them. A second traced them to one valley and down another, but at a certain point time had obliterated all further evidences. Winter came, and they were forgotten. Spring returned, and the hunters and Indians sent out reports that the disappearance of the outfit was a mystery beyond them. Then the rumor came out that Captain Haines had safely reached his destination, but would return no more to Marysville. It was worth a thought, and people scarcely thought of it again but war. In another year it all was forgotten, save perhaps by the hunters who had no return and were living against hope.

Two, three, four, ten years passed away. Old men died; boys grew to manhood. The railroad came, and the wagons disappeared from the trail. One summer's day a hunter who had become separated from his companions sat down on a rock in the heart of the mountain range to rest. To the west of him there was only a narrow trail; to the east and north there were more rugged hillsides to the east and north. The position of the boulders, the size of the trees, the queer configuration of the slopes—a dozen signs gave him to understand, for he was something of a geologist, that the spot was not as nature left it. He clambered up the northern slope and uttered an "Ah!" of surprise. Once upon a time the ground below him had been a valley rich in grass and flowers.

It was a narrow, tortuous valley not over 10 rods wide—a valley connecting two larger valleys. To the east a mountain reared its head 3,000 feet high—a mountain of many mountains. Two thousand feet above him had been the starting point of a landslide. Millions of tons of earth and rock had been set in motion by the rolling over of a stone which might not have weighed a hundred pounds. The discharge of a rifle, the neigh of a horse, the shout of a man, even the foot of a bird resting after a flight, might have caused the avalanche after a long spell of wet weather. It had rushed down into that narrow valley to fill it up as dirt fills a ditch, to bury the green grass and the tender violets 15, 20, 30 feet deep. The rash, and the roar, and the crash must have been terrific.

The man looked and descended to the trail. To him it was only a point of geology. With his own eyes he had seen one of the tremendous changes nature is constantly making in the mountains. Ah, what a thing! He has been alone less than half an hour, and yet during that time the waters from a hidden spring have gushed forth from the hillside and formed a creek, which is twisting and turning along the trail. The hunter kneels down to drink, and his eyes rest upon a rusty gun barrel. As he pulls it out of the soil he sees the hoof of a horse with a shoe yet firmly holding to it.

Two hours later two men are digging away at the bank on each side of the spring. They find the bones of a horse, the skeleton of a man, the ironwork of a wagon. They solve the mystery surrounding the fate of the long lost Haines party. Dead, every man and horse—dead since the night they camped in that mountain cove and the awful avalanche came rushing down to destroy everything in its path! Of what use for others to dig? Men must die, and men must be buried. They were buried so deep that trees took root and threw out great branches above them as they slept. Twenty-three men, 90 horses and mules, 14 wagons, \$30,000 worth of cargo—only a straw in the pathway of the avalanche.—Detroit Free Press.

New Statues In New York City.

Five new statues have recently been set up in the parks and squares of New York—the Columbus, designed by a Spaniard, in Central park; the Roscoe Conkling in Madison square, the Greeley at the junction of Sixth avenue and Broadway, the Ericsson in Battery park and the Nathan Hale in City Hall park—and among these the last named is the only which can be called worthy of its cost and its place either as giving pleasure to the eye or as likely to inspire imitative ambitions and patriotic thoughts in the minds of our fellow citizens.—Garden and Forest.

A QUESTION OF LIBERTY.

Thoughts Brought Out by a Rich Chicagoan's Recent Experience.

Some days ago a rich man became troublesome through drink and was taken to the Washington home, a place in Chicago where drunken men are detained until sobriety calms them. The rich man found a way to communicate with his lawyer, but before legal action looking to his release could be taken his relatives applied at the home, and he was restored to their custody. He has since enjoyed his freedom.

It is all over now, but some day a very interesting question relative to that quasi public institution will demand a prompt and definite answer. What right has the Washington home to receive men drunk or sober from their friends or others and deprive them for a month or a day or an hour of their liberty? If the officials and attendants there can receive one man brought there by his friends, may they not by the same right receive another brought by his enemies?

If any institution in the city may without judicial commitment restrain a man because he is troublesome through drink, may it not restrain another because he is troublesome through other causes, all the way from discouraging old age to a rich but discouraging old age? If it may deprive a man of his liberty for an hour, may it not keep him prisoner for months, for years, throughout his natural life?

The actions of this so-called "home" are somewhat too radical. Its superiority to all laws and constitutions, its contravention of the principle that all men have an inalienable right to liberty, its deprivation of it by the process of law, its lofty disapproval of any legal interference, may culminate some day in a challenge of the whole strange basis on which it rests.—Chicago Herald.

THE BOYNTON SHIELD.

Said to Be Better Than Herr Dowe's Bullet Proof Cuirass.

The Dowe mail coat, still in process of perfection, is already to be supplanted by the Boynton shield, says Arms and Explosives, an English journal. The shield is nothing more than a steel plate a foot square, which weighs just eight pounds. It is made in such a way that it can be suspended from the rifle of a soldier, and it will always maintain a vertical position, no matter what angle the gun is held. Standing or kneeling, the soldier is protected to a large extent behind the plate. When in a kneeling position, he is almost entirely hidden by the plate, which, instead of interfering with his aim, helps him to sight. The barrel of the gun fits into a groove at the top of the plate, and by means of slides at the ends a number of plates can be strung together, thus forming a veritable "Chinese wall" for a row of sharpshooters.

The "Revue de l'Armée Militaire" pronounces the Boynton shield just as serviceable as the Dowe cuirass and even more effective.

THE OLD LADY'S VISIT.

Waiting for a City Friend With Three Jars of Butter.

The last passenger to leave the 4:30 train on the Michigan Central railroad after it drew to a standstill one summer afternoon was a little old woman in black. A wisp of gray hair straggled from under an old fashioned poke bonnet, and a pair of kindly blue eyes looked out from behind her steel rimmed spectacles. In one hand she carried a huge, shiny valise, the key of which was tied to the handle with a strip of calico cloth. When she was part way up the platform, she stopped, with a troubled look, and watched the baggage men toil by with their loaded trucks. Presently she dropped the valise and opened a big black bag which was fastened to her waist by a velvet ribbon. After she had waited some time one of the depot ushers came along and asked if he could be of any service to her.

"Why, thank you, I think not," she answered. "I am waiting for Dick Robinson."

The depot usher hurried on and paid no more attention to the little old woman. When he came back a half hour later, she was still standing where he had left her, gently fanning herself with the black fan. "Has your friend come yet?" asked the usher.

"No," she answered. "His watch must have been slow."

"Did he expect you by this train?"

"Well, you see, it's this way: Last summer Dick and his wife came over to Birmingham to visit the Coopers. While they were there they came over often to my place to get a drink of buttermilk. Well, we got friendly, and Sarah told me a lot of things about Chicago, and that she couldn't by no manner of means get buttermilk in the city. Before Dick went back he came around and says: 'Mrs. Beggs, just take a run up to Chicago next summer and visit us. Let us know when you're coming, and I'll meet you at the depot.' And so I'm here, and I've got three jars of fresh buttermilk for them in that bag."

The depot usher helped the little old woman to a seat in the waiting room, and then he searched the directory for Richard Robinson. His charge couldn't help him much, because she didn't know Dick's occupation.

"All I know," she explained, "is that he's a genuine gentleman, and if he had got my letter he'd 'a' been here."

The usher made a list of two or three addresses and put the woman in charge of a trusty cabman, with instructions to find Dick. Two hours later the driver came back with the report that his fare was delivering her buttermilk.—Chicago Herald.

Novel Grounds for a Suit For Damages.

Lawyers are ever ready with new methods of procedure and novel grounds for action, but there is an Englishman who has just made himself prominent in his profession as a deviser of a unique basis for a suit for damages.

He has entered suit against a newspaper asking damages and an injunction on the ground that his practice has been injured by the newspaper withholding his name in cases where he has been successful and publishing it only in cases which he has lost. Eminent counsel have been retained on both sides, and the action will be bitterly contested.—New York Herald.

Human Nature.

Samuel Gompers sizes up human nature in this way: "The more the wage worker gets the more he will want. We are just like other people. You will find that the man who earns \$1 a day aspires to \$1.10, the man who has half a million wants a million, and the man who has \$50,000,000 wants the earth."

MET THEIR MATCHES.

Two Californians Who Learned the Fate Begonias Have a Moment Late.

Frank Happersberg, the sculptor, and Jim Yung, the restaurateur, were out viewing the remains of the Midwinter fair a few days ago, when both found themselves with cigars and without matches.

"Ah, I have it," remarked Yung. "Come over to the Manufacturers building. I have a friend there who has a match exhibit, and we can get what we want."

They walked to the booth, and as the proprietor wasn't there Jim took the liberty of helping himself to the great pile of wax matches.

"Take all you want, Frank," he remarked. "He's got a wagonload here and don't want them."

Happersberg commenced filling his pockets. "I'll need some at my studio," and he filled his trousers pockets. "Ought to have some at my room, too," and his vest pockets were loaded. "We always need them on my naphtha lamp," and his coat pockets commenced to bulge.

"Guess I'll take some home," remarked Jim as he commenced loading his clothes. "A few wouldn't come amiss at the restaurant either."

Then they walked out looking like a pair of smugglers loaded for a customs officer. At the door they met the owner of the booth. Happersberg had been scratching matches on his trousers the whole length of the building, but they wouldn't light. Yung had also worn a slick streak on his pantaloons.

"What's the matter with these matches?" he inquired of the exhibitor.

"Why, yours. We helped ourselves to a box or two, as you weren't there."

"Oh, there is no phosphorus on them. The fair managers wouldn't allow genuine matches in the building. Those are just painted wax."

Yung and Happersberg stowed down to Stow Lake and unloaded.—San Francisco Post.

HUMAN COMEDY IN STONE.

The Busts Which Will Adorn the New Library Buildings at Washington.

Nine busts in granite have been finished for the exterior decoration of the new library of congress at Washington. The worthies who first came to the front are Walter Scott, Dante, Demosthenes, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Emerson, Irving, Goethe, Benjamin Franklin and Macaulay.

Judging by newspaper cuts, a great variety of expression has been obtained by the respective artists who have made these nine busts.

Walter Scott has the intent, forward gaze of a college sprinter waiting for the word "go." Dante looks as if Dr. Channock J. Dwyer had just refused to accommodate him with a pass to Buffalo. The model who sat for Demosthenes was Paul's Weary Waggles. Benjamin Franklin is stily chuckling over his success in logging a big charge of electricity in Nathaniel Hawthorne's back hair. Macaulay has put on a beautifully and symmetrically curled wig. Ralph Waldo Emerson has got the railroad pass which Dante missed. Washington Irving is listening to the Hon. Amos J. Cummings' latest and best anecdote, and Goethe has just caught through his short left ear an invitation to drink from a man whom his soul loathes.

For picturesque animation the work of the seven sculptors seems meritorious. If this is only a beginning, the front of the new library buildings bids fair to be a human comedy in stone. The appearance of the second nine will be waited with great interest.—Washington Letter.

ENTRUST NOTICE.—I have in my possession the following described animals intended as a reward for their trespass:

One bay horse about two years old, no red visible, both hind feet white, white strip in face, three stripes in the right ear. One bay colt about two years old, no brands visible, white spot in the forehead. If damaged and costs on said animals be not paid within 10 days from date of this notice they will be sold at public auction at the estray pound at 1 o'clock p. m., on the 31st day of November, 1894. (Signed at Pleasant Grove City, Utah county, territory of Utah, this 25th day of November, 1894.)

R. WEEKS, Poundkeeper of said City.

Home Missionaries.

The home missionaries of Utah Stake are appointed to preach on Sunday, Nov. 25th 1894, at the wards designated:

NORTH DISTRICT.	
Samuel A. King	Provo 3rd ward
S. L. Chipman	Provo 4th
A. Halladay	Lake View
Samuel Liddiard	Cedar Valley
C. D. Glaser	Lake View
F. J. Gates	Timpanogos
N. L. Nelson	Pleasant Grove, First Ward.
Han Jorgensen	Pleasant Grove, Second Ward.
John W. Turner	Pleasant Grove, Third Ward.
James H. Snyder	Pleasant View
Don C. Clayton	American Fork
James Adams	Lehi
James W. Vance	Cedar Valley
C. C. Hackett	Highland
W. Chipman, Sr.	Alpine
John R. Hindly	Springville
W. H. Ferguson	Mapleton
Jacob Carlin	Pleasant Fork
Alphonso M. Davis	Salem
John Woodhouse	Payson
A. G. Johnson	Benjamin
R. Hooley	Lake Shore
J. W. Dean	Spring Lake
O. H. Berg	Sanlaquin
A. J. Evans	Goshen
J. B. Keeler	Provo 1st ward.
SOUTH DISTRICT.	
A. L. Southwick	Provo 2nd
A. Manuaring	
B. T. Blackford	
L. H. Boy	
James Whitehead	
William K. Johnson	
James E. Hall	
G. S. Condie	
James H. Holly	
John Menendhall	
H. F. Thomas	
J. H. Hale	
August Swensen	
David Williams	
S. O. Christensen	
C. O. Bahr	
W. H. Hinch	
Peter J. Hansen	
C. E. Henriksen	
Lars L. Nelson	
Andrew Lovgreen	
Edward W. Clark	
M. L. Pratt	
W. S. Tanner	

Hours of meeting: Lake View ward, 10:30 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Timpanogos ward, 2 and 7 p. m.; in the Provo ward meeting houses at 6:30 p. m., Springville 2 p. m.; Spanish Fork 2 and 7 p. m.; Salem 2 p. m.; Payson 2 and 6:30 p. m.; Sanlaquin 2 p. m.; Goshen 2 p. m.; Lehi 2 p. m.; Alpine 2 p. m.; American Fork 2 and 7 p. m.; Pleasant Grove 2 p. m.; Cedar Valley 2 p. m.; Highland 2:30 p. m.; Spring Lake 2 p. m.; Benjamin 2 p. m.; Pleasant View 2 p. m.; Lake Shore 2:30 p. m.

W. P. BAYES, of 240 S. 1st street Omaha, Neb., says of Parks' Sure Cure: "My wife has been constitutionally wrecked for years. Tried everything, fruitlessly. My druggist's persuasion, backed by his guarantee, induced me to buy a bottle of Parks' Sure Cure. The results are truly wonderful. Parks' Sure Cure for the Liver and Kidneys is a positive specific for the disease of Women. Sold by Smoot Drug company."

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The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Lips, Fever Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Chilblains, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. FOR SALE BY Smoot Drug Co.

What Nerve Berries have done for others they will do for you.

1ST DAY. 10TH DAY. 15TH DAY. 20TH DAY. 25TH DAY. 30TH DAY. 35TH DAY. 40TH DAY. 45TH DAY. 50TH DAY. 55TH DAY. 60TH DAY. 65TH DAY. 70TH DAY. 75TH DAY. 80TH DAY. 85TH DAY. 90TH DAY. 95TH DAY. 100TH DAY.

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1894

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1894 will maintain the character that has made it the favorite illustrated periodical for the home. Among the results of enterprise undertaken by the publishers, there will appear during the year a superbly illustrated paper on India by Lord Lytton, on the Japanese Seasons by Alfred Russel Wallace, on Germany by Anthony Euclow, on Paris by Richard Harding Davis, and on Mexico by Frederick Remondino. Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by George du Maurier and Maurice Druart, Warner, the personal memoirs of W. D. Howells, and eight stories of Western frontier life by Owen Wister. The volume will be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McHenry Stuart, Charles Denslow, Theodore Dreiser, Herbert Quick, Queeney de Beauregard, Thomas Nelson and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....\$4.00

HARPER'S WEEKLY.....4.00

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